TO · MARKET !
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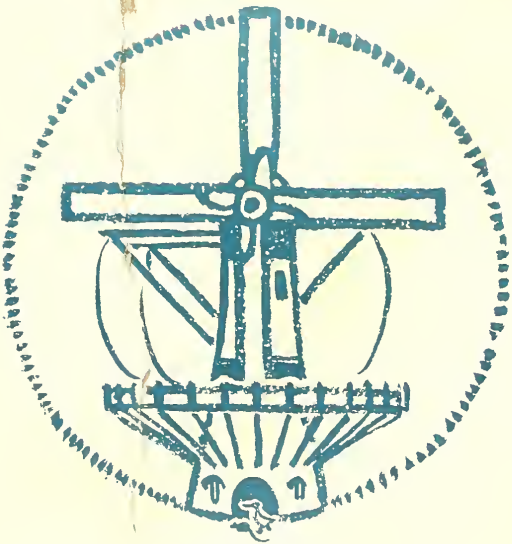
BY EMMA L. BROCK



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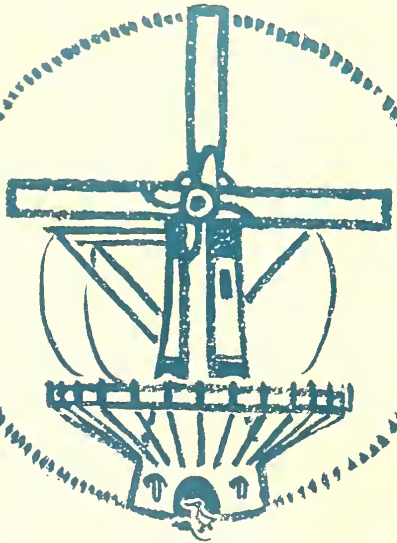

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TO MARKET! TO MARKET!

TOLD AND ILLUSTRATED
BY EMMA L. BROCK

ALFRED A. KNOPF
NEW YORK

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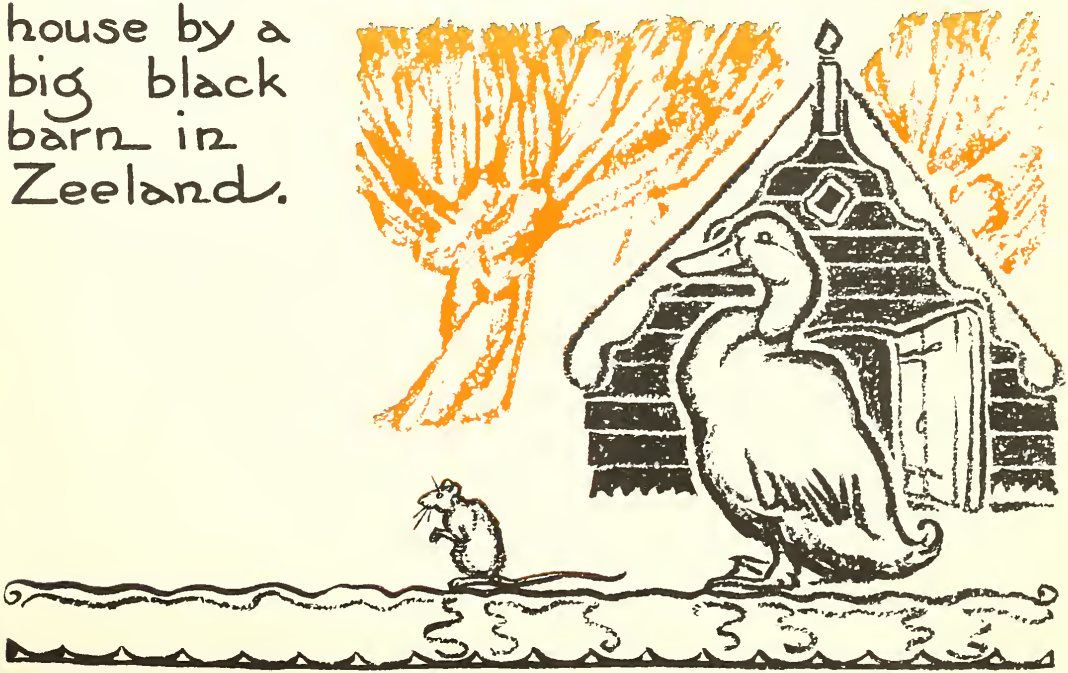
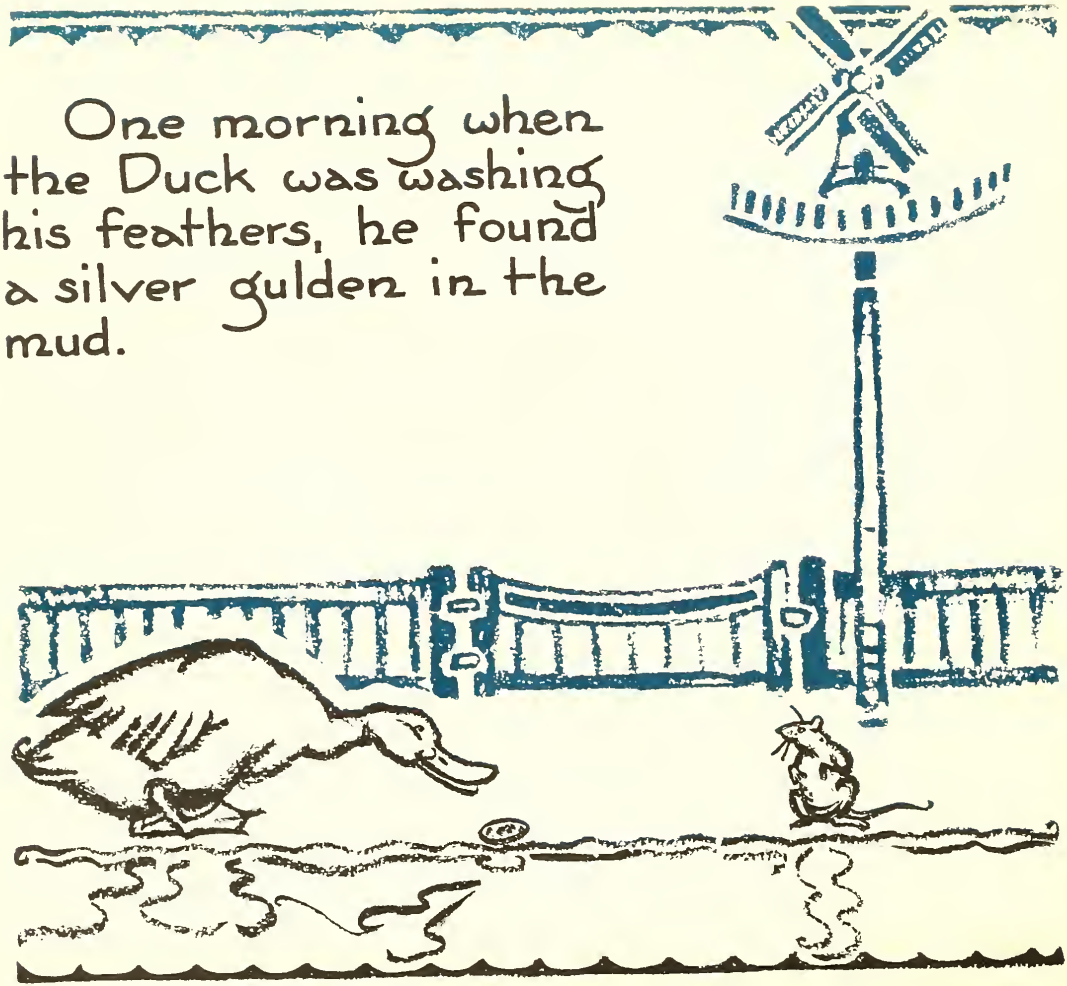
To
NICHOLAS
KNICKERBOCKER

TO MARKET! TO MARKET!

Once upon a time there lived a Dutch Duck and a Dutch Mouse in a little black house by a big black barn in Zeeland.



One morning when the Duck was washing his feathers, he found a silver gulden in the mud.

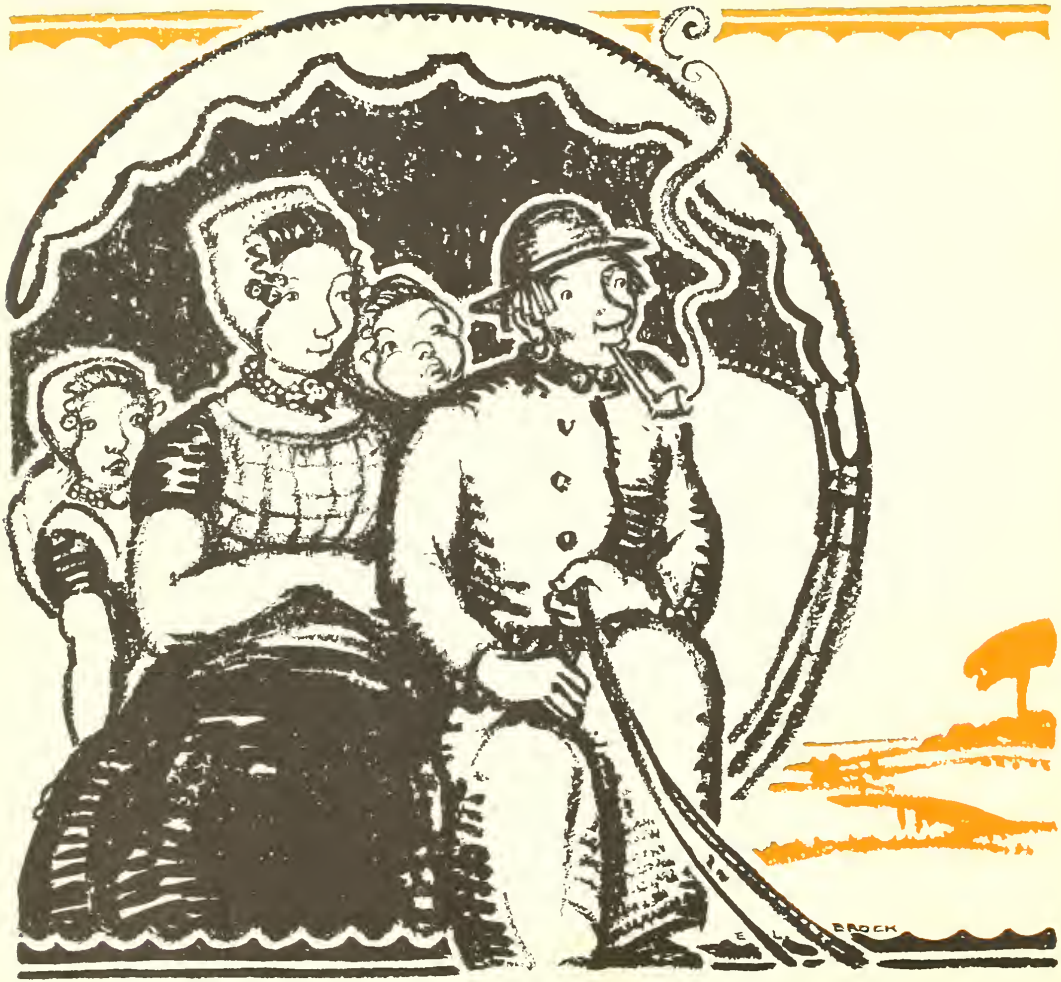


"Here is a gulden," said he to the Mouse. "Let us go to the Market at Op-Zoom and buy ourselves something."

And the Mouse said, "What I want is a fat yellow Cheese, the fattest and roundest we can find."

"And I want a fresh little fish," said the Duck.

So, to Market, to Market, jiggity-jog went the Duck and the Mouse along the flat brick road that ran beside the canal and past the black and white checkered cows chewing in the meadows.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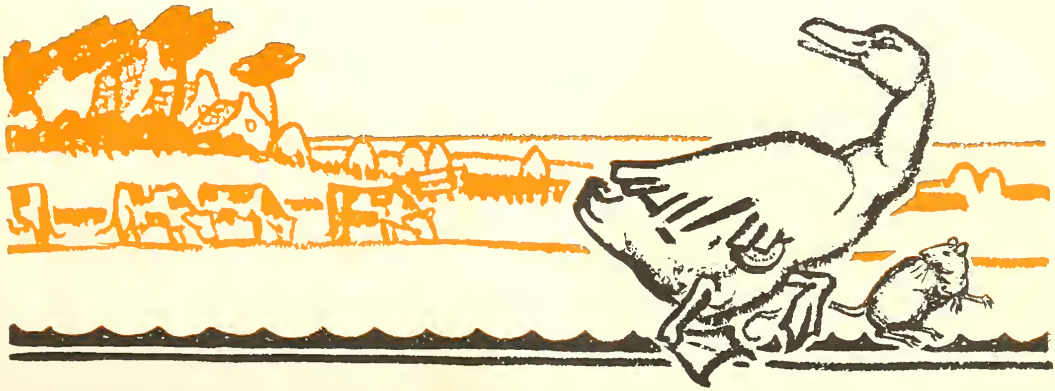
"How far may it be to Op-Zoom?" called the Duck to a Farmer who was driving by in his tilt-cart on the way to Market.

"Oh, it's a mile away," said the Farmer. "Jump up and I'll give you a ride."

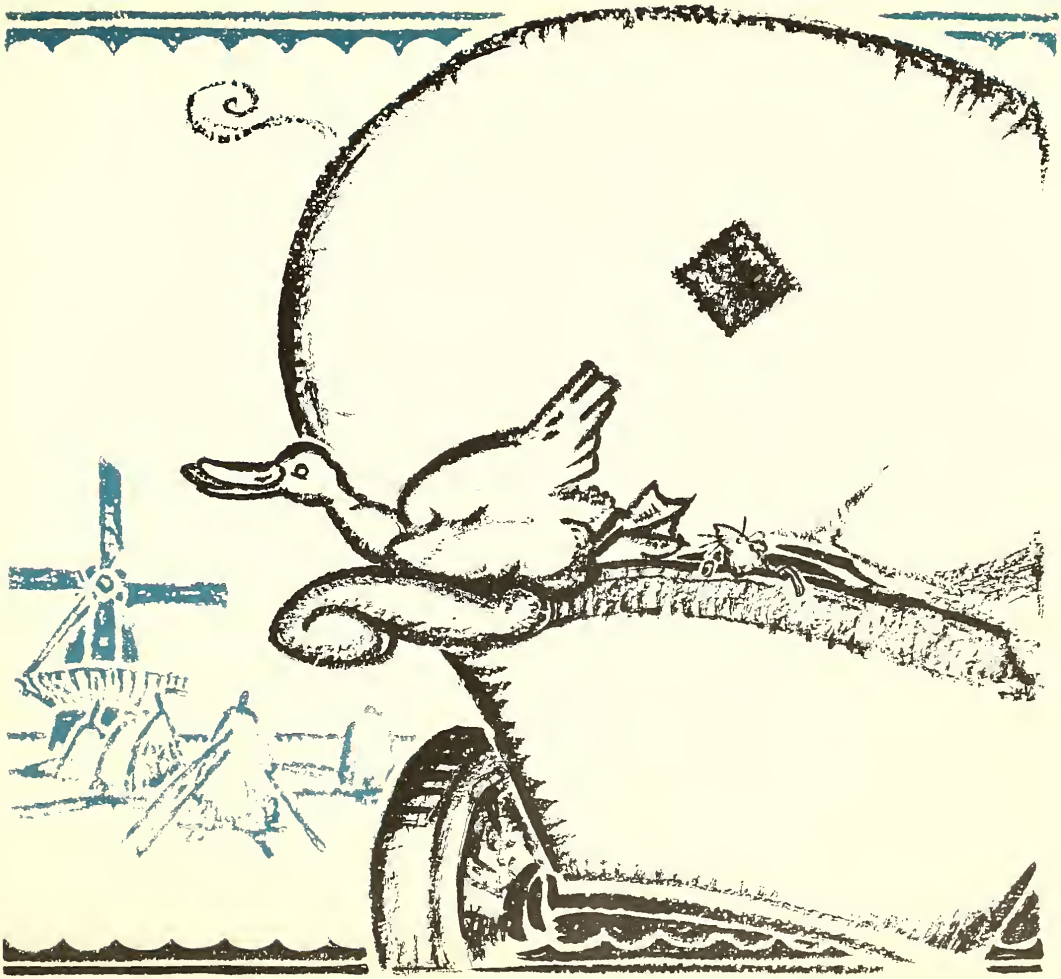


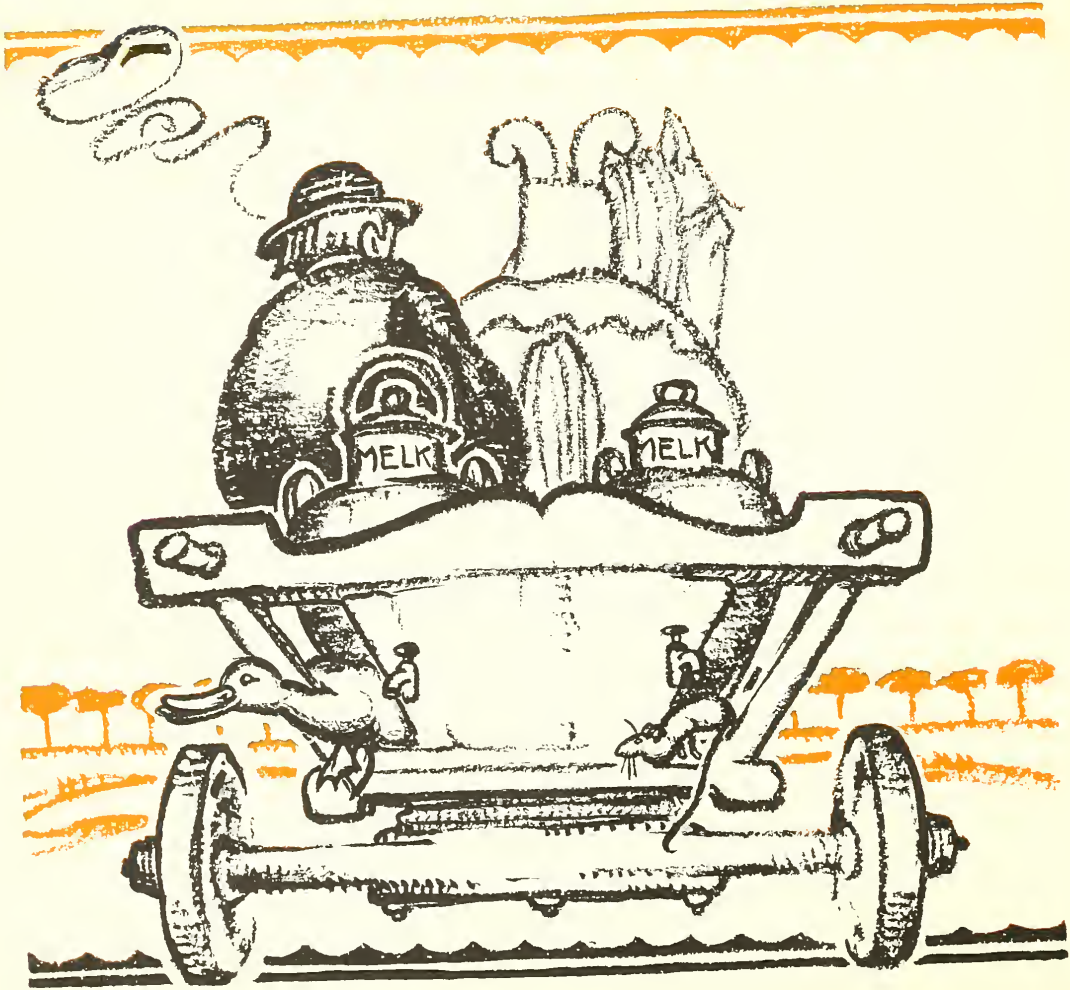
So the Duck and the Mouse said, "Dank U," and climbed up into the cart and settled themselves down for a mile.

But the farmer said to his wife, "Here is a Duck without a master. We might sell him in the Market."

Before he could say it a second time, the Duck and the Mouse jumped from the back of the cart.

They jogged along the flat brick road past the fields standing full of hay cocks.




MELK
MELK

"How far may it be to Op-Zoom?" called the Duck to a Peasant who was taking milk to Market.

"Oh, it's a mile away," said he. "Jump up in the wagon and I'll give you a ride."

So the Duck and the Mouse said, "Dank U," and hopped up beside the brass milk cans. But they had gone only about four fields, when the Peasant said out loud to himself, "I'll just sell this stray Duck in the Market."

Before he could say it a second time the Duck and the Mouse jumped down from the back of the wagon.

They jogged along the flat brick road
past some farmers who were digging potatoes

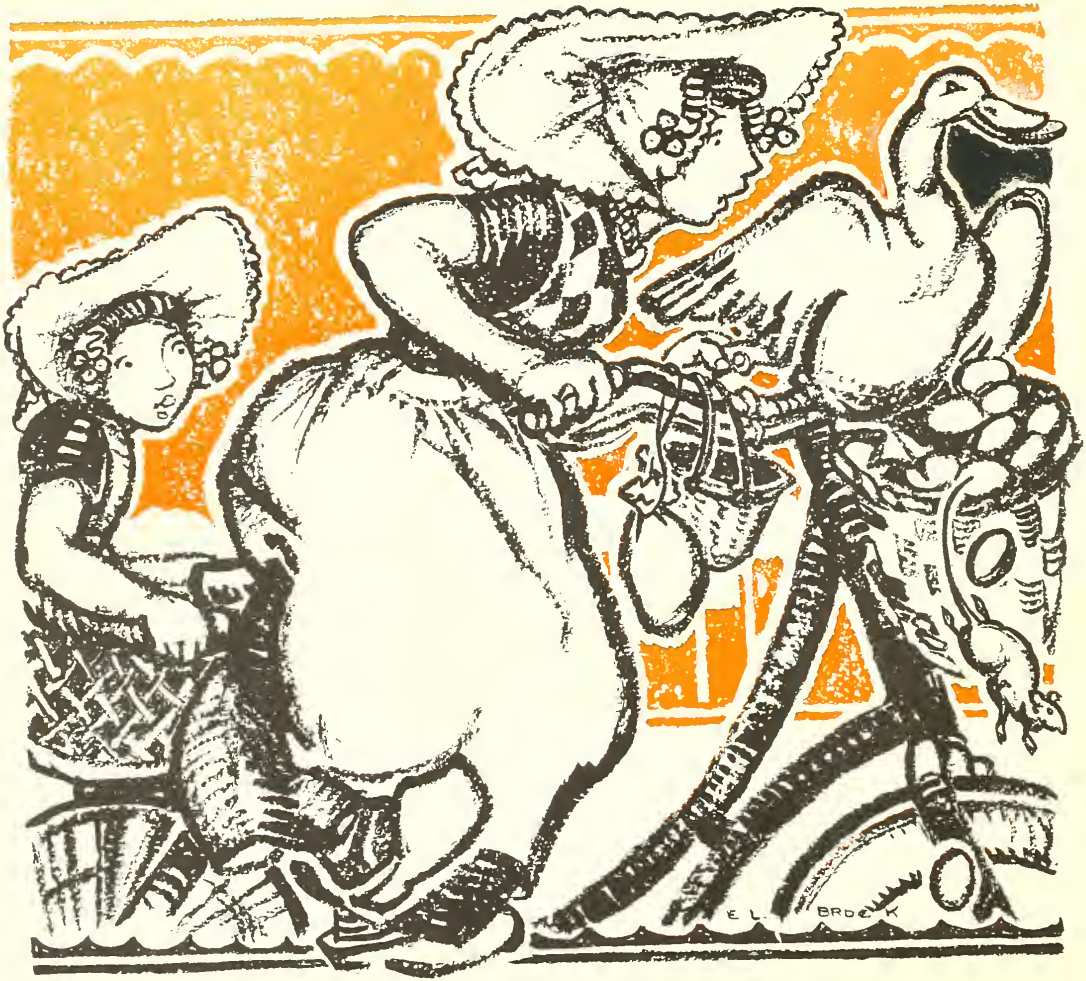
and past a long-armed windmill.

"How far may it be to Op-Zoom?" called the Duck to a woman who was riding by on a bicycle taking eggs to Market.

"Oh, it's a mile away," said she. "Hop up on the basket of eggs and I'll give you a ride."

They rode along and they rode along and the woman said to her little girl, "This is a stray duck without a master. I might sell him in the Market."

Before she could say it a second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time, the Duck and the Mouse flopped out of the basket so suddenly that they almost upset the woman, little girl, eggs and all.

So to Market, to Market, jiggity-jog went the Duck and the Mouse along the flat brick road and past a boat sailing on the canal between the trees.

At last they came to the edge of the round old town of Op-Zoom where the Market was. Some of the housewives were scrubbing the street and some were scouring the fronts of their houses and some were going to Market with baskets on their arms.

The Duck and the Mouse followed along through St. Nicholas Square where the children dance on the Queen's birthday and they passed Long John Tower where the bells were ringing the song of a quarter past something.

And they came to the Great Market that was filled with people from end to end. On the left side were the men, with

gold rings in their ears, bargaining about cows and onions. And on the right side were the women in snow-white caps buying everything you can think of, pots and pans, socks and mufflers, apples and candies, caps and aprons, cheeses and fishes and wooden shoes.

The Duck and the Mouse stopped at the Cheese Booth and the Mouse bought the fattest yellow cheese they could find with part of the gulden. And from one of the Fish-wives, who sat on their baskets with their yokes on their shoulders, the Duck bought a neat little fish with the rest of the gulden.

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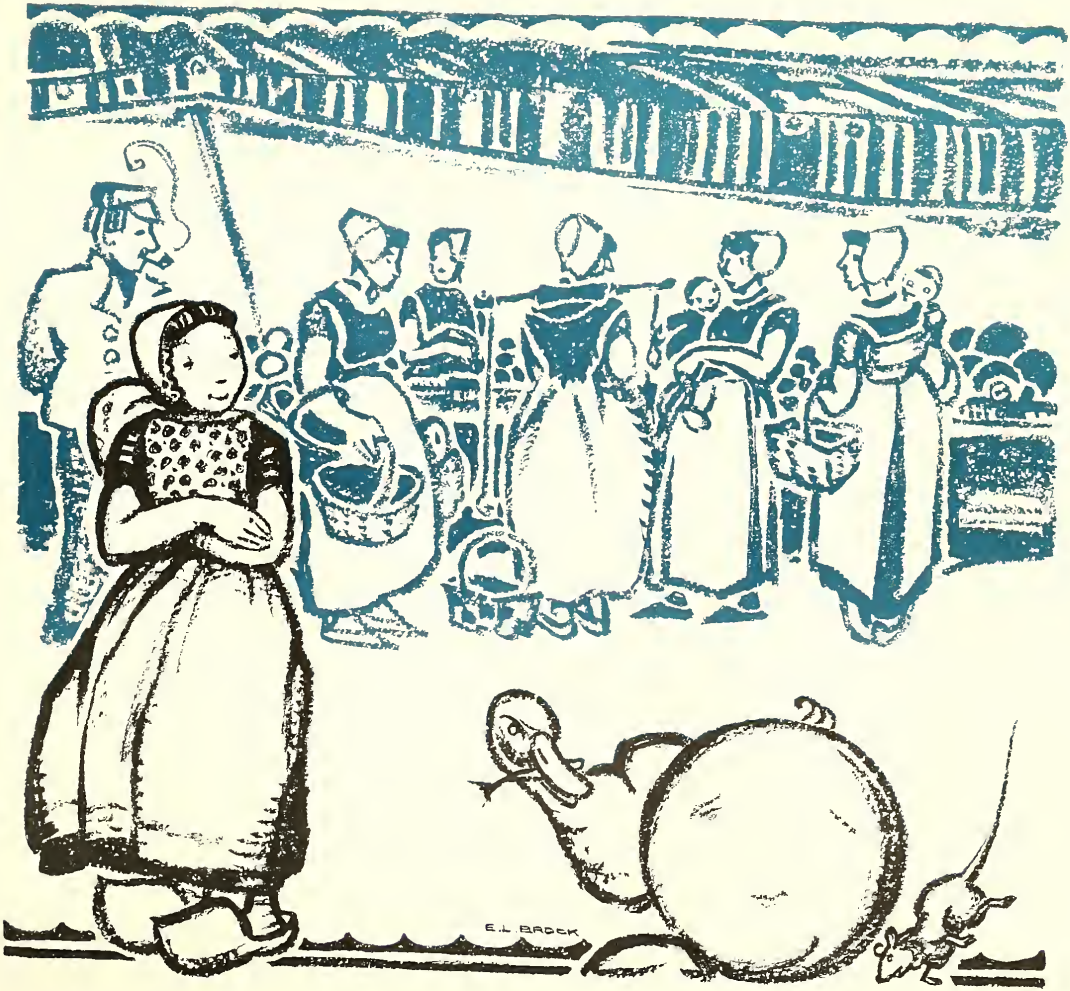
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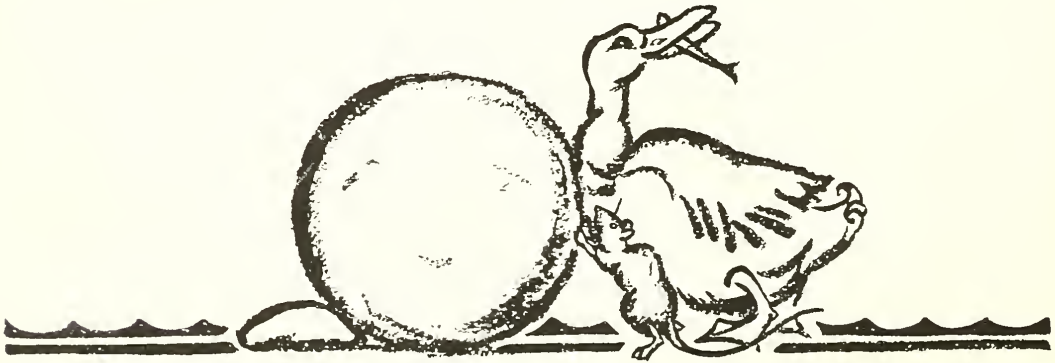
The Duck held the fish carefully in his bill and the Mouse stood on tiptoe and pushed at the Cheese to start it rolling, but the Cheese would not roll. It was smooth, it was shiny and the Mouse slipped and bumped his nose.

The Duck saw that they would never get home that way, so he began to push the Cheese too. The Cheese was round



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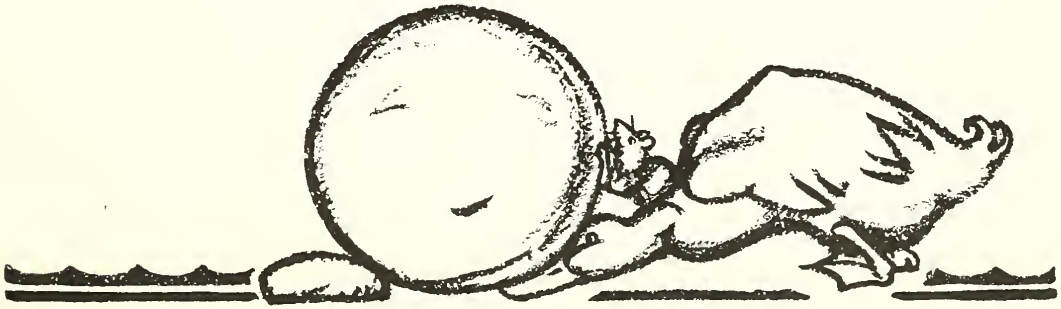
and slippery and the Duck fell on his bill and swallowed his fresh little fish by mistake.

"Well, we can't get home that way."

Then the Duck put his bill under the Cheese and they pushed together. The Duck pushed and the Mouse pushed and at last the yellow Cheese rolled over the cobblestone that was in the way and bumped along the street.



The Cheese rolled very slowly around the Great Market and it rolled along Short Pieter Street and it rolled a little faster on Long Pieter Street and it rolled faster yet past Long John Tower where the bells were ringing the song of a quarter to something.

It raced under the chestnut trees in St. Nicholas Square and over the toes of Cornelius Den Boer so fast that the Duck and the Mouse could hardly keep up with it.

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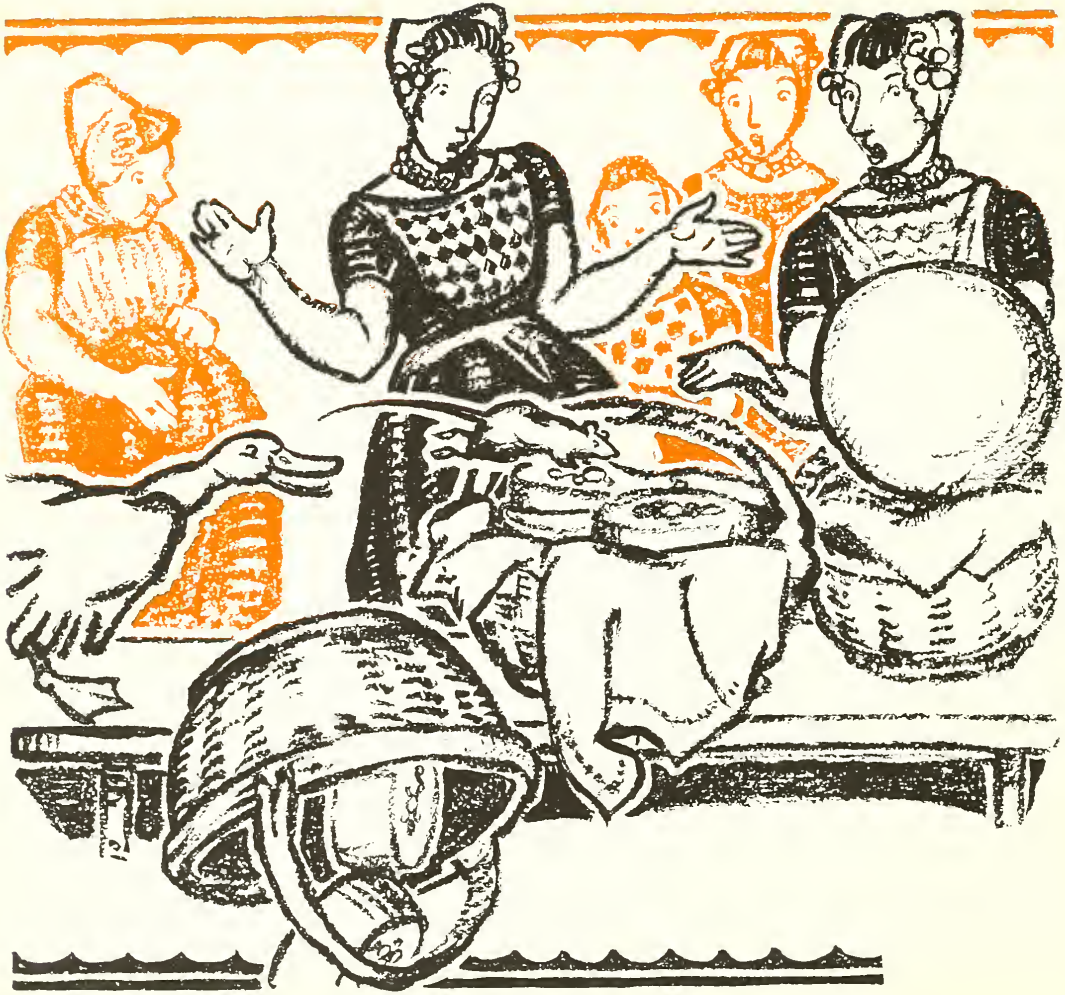

It dashed through the old gateway and bounced across the street and right into the Boter Market and up onto one of the baskets of butter. It skipped along from one basket to another with the Mouse and the Duck close behind.

When the Butter-wives saw the three coming, they all began to wave their arms and shout, "Ach! Ach!"

Most of the baskets were covered over with white napkins, but one of the Butter-wives was selling her butter and had it uncovered. And in a second the Cheese and the Duck and the Mouse had all run through it and the Butter-wives waved

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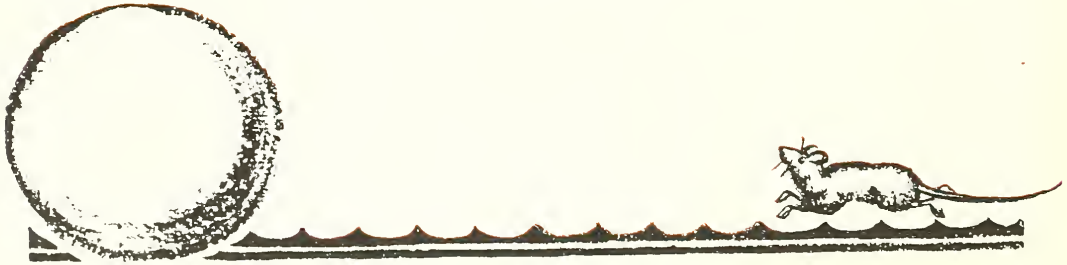
their arms and cried, "Ga weg! Ga weg!"

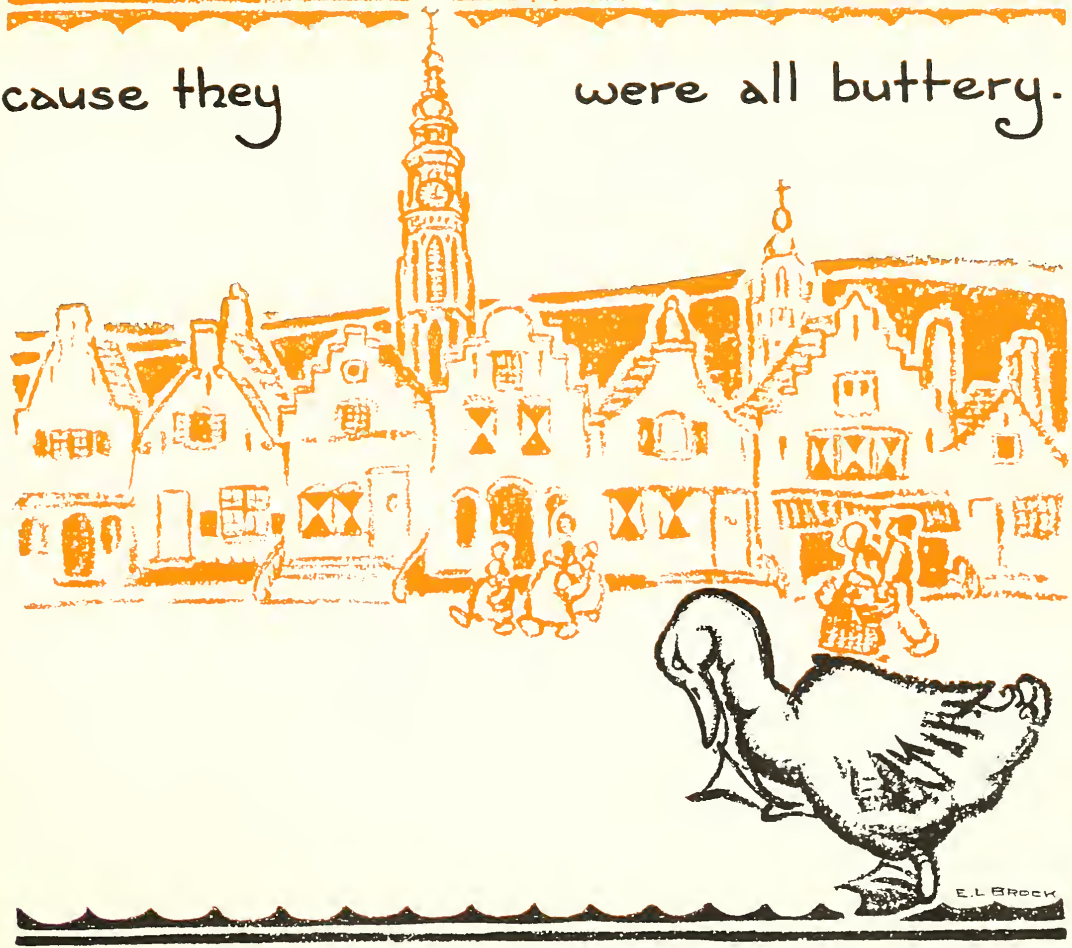
The Chief of the Boter Market tried to catch the Cheese, but it was so slippery that it went through his fingers and rolled out of the Boter Market. It rushed down South Singel and rolled faster yet past the Molenwater and it raced through the Cow Gate and out of the Town of Op-Zoom, just as the bells of Long John Tower were ringing the song of exactly two

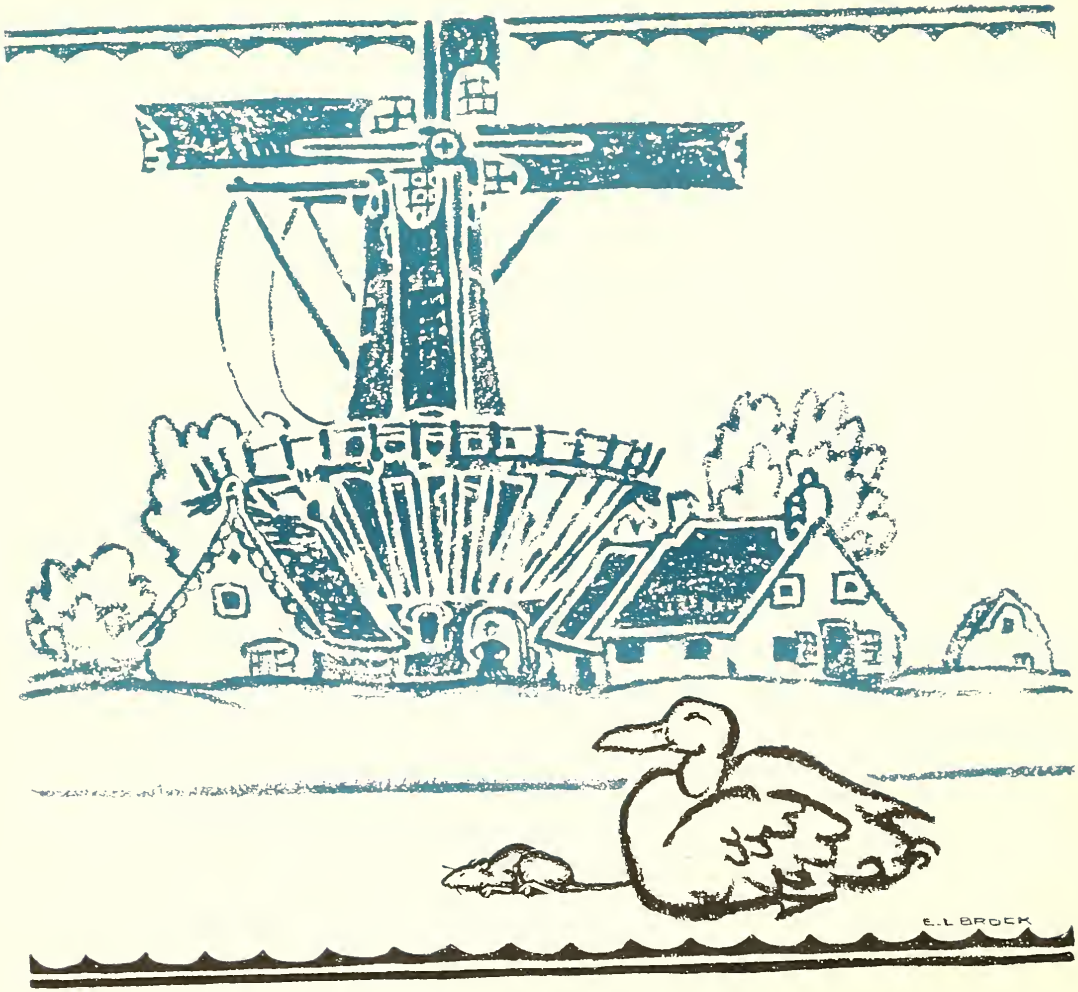
The Duck and the Mouse ran as fast as they could after the Cheese, but the

Duck kept stopping to clean his feet be-



cause they were all buttery.

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The Mouse and the Cheese were soon out of sight down the flat brick road.

The Duck licked all the butter from his toes and straightened his feathers and waddled slowly on toward home. He'd never see that Cheese again. He went along and he went along and he went along and at last he came upon the Mouse sitting all out of breath by the roadside. The yellow Cheese was gone.

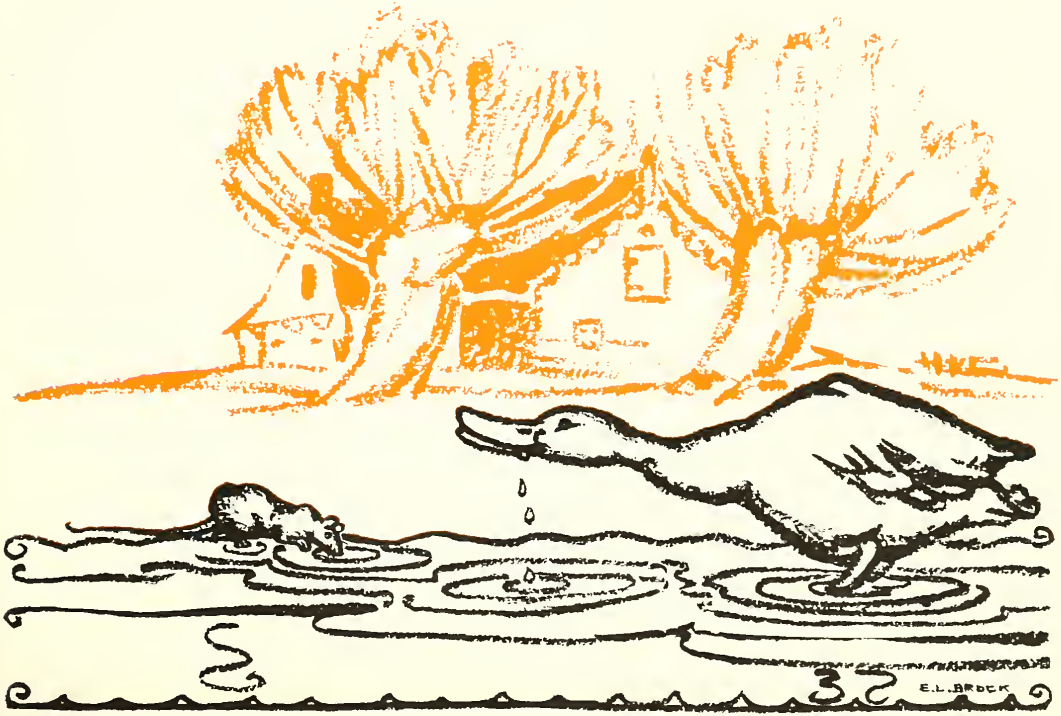
The Duck sat down by the Mouse and they were as tired as tired could be. They closed their eyes and said to each other, "We'll never see that Cheese again."

After a while the Duck heaved himself

up from the ground and the Mouse pulled himself up and they limped along the flat brick road that ran beside the canal past the checkered cows chewing in the meadows and up to their own ditch by the big black barn.

The Mouse took one long drink and the Duck took twenty sips and cooled his feet in the water.

Then they crept up the path to their little black house for a good nap after their marketing. They crept up the path to their little black house and there ———— - —... ...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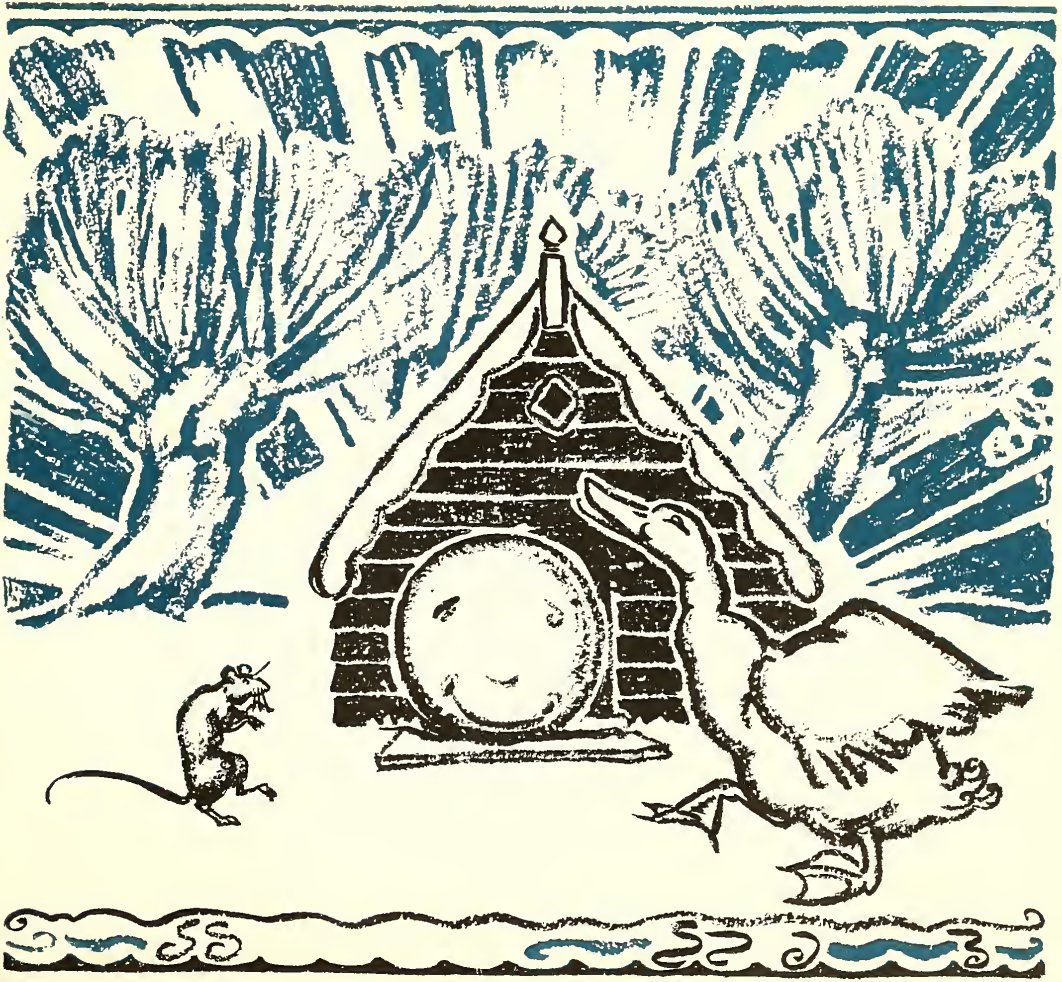
... ——— sitting on the doorstep, as round as round could be, was the fat yellow Cheese waiting for them to come home.

The Duck and the Mouse shouted, "Hoera! Hoera!"

And they were so very glad to see the Cheese again, that they made it one of the family and they all lived happily ever after.



"Alles goed"

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